# SCENES

AND

# DIALOGUES,

ENTITLED:

# HARVEST QUEEN'S CORONATION.

PREPARED AND PUBLISHED

FOR THE

Halifax "Cold Water Army;"

AND INTENDED TO BENEFIT

THE CAUSE OF

Temperance and Intelligence.

HALIFAX:

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1854.

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# DEDICATION.

To the General aud Juveniles, of the Cold Water Army, the following scenes are respectfully dedicated by their sincere well-wisher, the Author.

Some pages formerly prepared for their acceptance, and called the " Cottage of Contentment," were so effeciently presented to the Public, and were so well received, that not much fear need be experienced respecting the " Harvest Home," except the author prove more wanting now, than at that period, concerning his part of the entertainment. His object is, to provide some innocent amusement which shall tend to intellectual and moral improvement,—and be a means of rallying, and of renewed zeal, to the members of the C.W. Army. " May its shadow never be less,"—until its organization is no longer requisite, in consequence of the complete triumph of the principles which it has in charge, and of which, the most hopeful defenders, are the coming men and women of a better day.

An Address to the Rising Generation, as such, includes thoughts of deep melancholy and lively joy. It suggests considerations of the miserable mistakes and consequent privations of the present time ;—it reminds of the experience of those who have already " fretted their brief hour on the stage ;"—and it gives anticipation of the future, of which surely great promises are written. Disenthralment from many of the paltry shackles which now embarrass society,—and comparatively high attainment in learning and power, and, what is better than either, in that best wisdom which confers happiness, are among the objects of faith, concerning the distant maturity of the Cold Water Army.

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# HARVEST HOME.

(*Scene.*—An artificial Arbour, &c., in the foreground.—Rural scenery beyond.

Procession of Cold Water Army.)

(One of the Army steps to the front and speaks.)

Ladies and Gentlemen—we appear before you this evening as part of the mighty host, called the *Rising Generation*, of whom, I may be allowed to say, so much is hoped ;—and to whom, so much care and kindness are exhibited.

Of that Rising Generation, we form one of the subdivisions, known by the name of the Cold Water Army.—Our word is "no Intoxicating Drinks" ; and if all the Rising Generation belonged to our Army, as they should ; and then, if all were faithful, as they should be ; we would soon drive those drinks and drinking habits from the world. We would grow into a *Maine Liquor Law* population, and the mighty reformation would be accomplished.

Ladies and Gentlemen, our Army is not for inflictive warfare, or for defending one Country as against another. Its object is the good of all ;—our friends are everywhere ;—our enemies, intoxicating beverage habits ; our allies and patrons, you, and all other men and women of temperance principles and practice.

In this cause, therefore, we unfurl our banners, and display their motto. (Banner unfurled and displayed, with the words,—"*War with Intemperance,—Peace with the World.*")

Ladies and Gentlemen, accept thanks again, for the cheering presence and gracious countenance, which you vouchsafe to this Juvenile Festival.

(Music, one air.)

(Enter,) *Lawyer Catchcase.*—Respected friends,—our object this evening, is to occupy an hour in a way which may be productive of improvement to ourselves, of some advantage to the cause of Temperance, and, we hope, of some pleasure to you.

We exhibit a pictorial representation of rural scenery, —and intend to illustrate a rural festival, by dialogue and description.

Allow yourselves to be amused by that which is simple and unpretending;—bear with the story, for the sake of the moral; and be lenient, as regards the numerous defects which are incidental to inability and inexperience.

The Battalion of Temperance, whom we represent, look upon you as their kind protectors;—and the speakers of this evening expect to find that you are very generous critics. Respecting this effort of our ambition, our organization, and our objects are our prompters, and our apologists, and, we hope, their appeal will meet with kind response.

*(Exit.)*

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## SCENE I.

Enter *Traveller*, (speaks). A little toil worn! I may rest in this pretty place for a-while, without intruding, I hope. (Takes a seat). The air plays wooingly here. An arbour, flags and garlands, announce that some cheerful observances are about to proceed. A soothing, more distant view, also, spreads pleasingly before the eye.

The preparations and the place remind of early days, before care and toil pressed so heavily;—and of old festive occasions, when old playmates gave such a charm to holiday occasions.

Except in some retired and pleasant nooks of the land, these simple festivities have disappeared. Is that well? If dissipation and debauch were not to be separated from the merry makings, they should perish, for flowers are not tolerated if they bring an atmosphere of disease;—but if the vice may be removed from the recreation, should not the innocent and cheerful features be encouraged?

Changes mark this modern time, indeed, as compared with the "long time ago." Railroads, and Steamboats, and Telegraph Wires, intersect lands and waters,—as if the Giant Utility had aroused from the rest of centuries, and was anxious for compensating progress. But are not ruralising, and quiet, and reflection, and unambitious occupation, to be sometimes sought after and indulged, far from the din and dust of the busy multitude? I think they may,—and I feel pleased that others, apparently, are of my opinion.—

Prudence should, of course, controul pleasure, at all times, —for the best enjoyments accompany wisdom.

"Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

Enter, *First Villager*, (Addresses the Traveller.) Good day, Sir,—good day. A stranger in those parts, I see:—welcome to Oldstyle Village.

*Traveller.* Thanks,—I have taken the liberty to rest here awhile, may I do so?

*First Villager.* Certainly, certainly;—welcome as the refreshing breeze that blows over the field, or the birds that sing among the branches. The people of Oldstyle are never churlish;—they may well be somewhat hospitably inclined on this their Harvest Holiday.

*Traveller.* What are all these gay preparations for?—What is the Festival to which you allude?

*First Villager.* We call it the Queen of Autumn's day. Bouquets and Garlands are emblematic of the season;—the Arbour is for the Queen's reception.

We will have a little social gathering here, by and by, for the choice of Queen and so forth. In old times they chose the *handsomest*, we now choose the *best*, whether she be the handsomest or not. That Sir, you know, is in accordance with the old adage, "handsome is that handsome does." Why should the crown of beauty entitle to any other crown, except it be accompanied by some real worthiness of character?

*Traveller.* Why, indeed? I approve of the change, and am glad at such an evidence of growth in good sense.

*First Villager.* Ah Sir! Oldstyle was not always so wise,—we had to get down the tavern signs, and to get up the Temperance Hall, over by the Church yonder, before we could have much of good sense or common sense either, in our merry makings. Our neighbours say we should no longer call the village Oldstyle, but Watertown, or Breakbottle, or something of that sort. However, in our ancient manners and quiet fields, here, we are Oldstyle yet, and the name answers very well.

*Traveller.* A pretty name and a pleasant place; the wayfaring-man finds rest here doubly refreshing.

*First Villager.* Stop for our festival, Sir. My little Cottage, under the poplars yonder, will give you shelter and

refreshment, until the hour of assembling arrives. Rest with us for the day.

*Traveller.* Thanks, indeed.—You are Oldstyle in your hospitality, I see, forgetting not to entertain strangers; and as my time and objects suit, I cheerfully accept your kind invitation to prolong my rest, and witness your proceedings.

*(Enter Second Villager.)*

*Second Villager.* Well George, how go on preparations? I come to give you some assistance;—we have not much time to spare now. How do you do Sir? (To Traveller). Welcome to Oldstyle.

*Traveller.* Thanks, Sir;—I seem to have lighted on a pleasant Village, a happy festival, and a good natured people. Thanks, again.

*First Villager.* Come Harry, lend a hand with this arbour and other nick-nacks;—I'm almost afraid to handle such finery,—it's so like millinery and women's work.

*Second Villager.* Yes, after the spade and plough handle, these flowers are apt to slip through the fingers. (They work at ornamenting the arbour,)

*First Villager.* What news? Any arrivals this morning?

*Second Villager.* Arrivals! you may say so, indeed. Farmer Fieldfare, from Hawthorn Hill,—Farmer Bloomfield, from Cowslip Vale,—a Showman, from Town, with a kind of magic Picture Box, about Kings and Queens, and Castles and Palaces;—and a band of Minstrels, with fife and tambourine, and sweet voices to boot! What think you of that George?

*First Villager.* Think, why I feel all young again, and could *haw haw* as I used to, when I had a holiday to go to town. Come along Hal, lend a hand here,—lend a hand you lazy fellow.

*Second Villager.* LAZY! did you say, after I carrying such a budget of news to tell you? If you were to ask again, I should be mum.

*First Villager.* If you could, but you could not; you should babble out the news as the stream babbles down the hill yonder; and as to carrying, you'd rather carry such a load any day, than something you'd have to put on your shoulder and stoop under.—Lend a hand I say.

*Second Villager.* Lend a hand, indeed, after such commands as those;—not I;—don't you see all that's requisite

is done, and you are only making matters worse by your clumsy interference. And Georgy, do you hear: ding dong, ding dong;—there goes the bell for early dinner:—come along now, and "leave well enough alone," I tell you. *(Exit.)*

*First Villager.* A pretty assistant you, indeed;—but come Mr. Traveller, let us see what they have for us at Woodbine Cottage. Come. *(Exit.)*

(MUSIC.)

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## SCENE II.

(The Village bells ring. Enter in different directions,—Villagers, Ploughman, Gardener, Dairy Man, Farmer Fieldfare, Farmer Bloomfield, Lawyer Catchcase, Schoolmaster Blotpage, Trader Ribbonrow, &c,

*First Villager.* Welcome, Masters, welcome.

*Farmer Fieldfare.* Thanks, thanks—I may speak for the company, no doubt: we who are visitors have much pleasure in assisting at the festival of Oldstyle.

(Several. Yes, yes.)

*Farmer Bloomfield.* To work then Boys; what's to be done?

*Gardener.* A few more flowers would not be amiss about the arbour. Go Harry to my shed and bring some from there.

*Lawyer C. C.* The throne for Her Majesty of Harvest Home is not arranged yet. Where shall it be placed?

*Schoolmaster.* At the entrance of the arbour surely, where woodbines and jessamines may form as fitting a canopy, as the gold and crimson of the upholsterers.

*Lawyer.* Let us consider that. We should attend to precedents. Whereas the office of Queen of rural festivals is of ancient and honorable rank; and whereas, due attention should be paid to the usages and privileges connected therewith;—therefore, and consequently,—nevertheless, and notwithstanding, we should maturely consider, weigh, and determine, that which we are about to adopt, fix, establish, and constitute.

*Second Villager.* What a conglomeration!

*Farmer Bloomfield.* This will never do, Mr. Lawyer, you are a decent fellow in your way, when you forget the jaw-

breakers and heartbreakers of your profession. But really, if we are to have the jargon of dusty documents mixing thus with the fragrance of sweetmeadow and gillyflowers, where are we to seek for pure air and common sense? Why man the dahlias would seem to become dim, and the woodbines to droop, if you were allowed to scatter these murky dust heaps about us.

*Lawyer.* Say you so my Lord, and Gentlemen of the Jury;—I beg pardon, my friends and neighbours,—say you so? what! will you discard learning from this ancient ceremony, and have mere common sense instead? Will you indeed forego the elegance and involution of the courts, and have nothing but what is so simple and natural that the birds almost may understand us? (Hear, hear.) Is that indeed your wish?—if so, say so,—and on you be the responsibility, and with you be the loss;—of course I will not throw my pearls before,—I beg pardon,—I will not give my learning for nothing, where it is not wanted,—and perhaps not comprehended! (Ha, ha, ha.) Say the word then, —the Black Letter Volume of the law and the court, or the Green Paged Primer of Nature and the Village.—Which?

*All.* The Primer! the Primer!

*Lawyer.* I can only pity your taste, Gentlemen, but I bow to the court, and will not, for the future, during these ceremonies, pretend to be much wiser than the rest of you. (Villagers, ha, ha, ha.)

(Enter, Second Villager, with several garlands of flowers.)

*Second Villager.* Here are the flowers master, and they look as blooming as little Jeanette who gathered them.

*Gardener.* Aye these are they;—and sweeter I warrant, than any of Mr. Catchcase's flowers of oratory.

*Lawyer.* I demur to that.

*Farmer B.* Come, come,—arrange your flowers, and a couple of you go for the throne.

(Ploughman and Dairyman go for the throne; the garlands are arranged about the entrance of the arbour.)

*Farmer F.* Come Mr. Ribbonrow, some of your wares. (R. draws from his pocket a variety of odds and ends of ribbons, which are used in tieing the garlands.)

*Schoolmaster.* Ah! Mr. Ribbonrow, these remnants go to profit and loss I suppose.

*Ribbonrow.* Yes, we cannot work up odds and ends, whether any one wants them or not, as Mr. Catchcase can.

*Lawyer.* As if all of these were not paid for, in the way of extra profits, long ago, and by whom?

*Farmer B.* Why, by those who are not among your Clients, at any rate,—by the Girls of the Village.

*Farmer F* Catchcase is a Client then himself.

*Farmer B.* Making good the old adage, perhaps, about pleading one's own case, and having a fool for the Counsel. (Ha, ha, ha).

*Lawyer.* No—no—Gentlemen, my learning will be duly appreciated there, if not by such rude mortals as you. "Sweets to the sweet," you know. (Ha, ha, ha).

(Enter Ploughman and Dairyman, bearing an Arm Chair, richly ornamented with flowers, ribbons, &c.)

*Farmer B.* Room for the Throne, there. room!

*Ribbonrow.* The Throne of a Lady too, hurra!

*Schoolmaster.* The beneficence of Royal Victoria's sway makes female sovereigns popular.

*Farmer B.* Popular or not, they are pretty numerous, I tell you.

*Lawyer C.* Numerous, how so,—the Royal Lady of England—the Queen of Spain—and one or two others, are, I apprehend, the only female Sovereigns of Christendom.

*Farmer B.* Ha, ha, ha! Find me a house in the land where there is not a female sovereign, and I will engage to find you a four leaved shamrock, Mr. Catchcase. Wait until yon select one of those judges of yours, the girls of the village, and give her the title of Mrs. Catchcase, and, probably, you may find a female sovereign under your own roof. Yes Sir, and pretty absolute sovereigns are those household queens. Victoria at her council table, heaven bless her, has to mind her p's and q's,—to attend to the laws and ordinances of the realm, as well as the rest of us, in our humble avocations;—but I'd like to know what peer or paladin, what premier or primate, would dare to lay down the law at the breakfast table of the same Royal Lady.

*Farmer F.* Aye, aye, there's the difference; that would be the rub, I expect. What say you, Mr. Catchcase?

*Lawyer C.* Say? I do not pretend to speak of these domestic matters, experimentally; but are not *we* the "Lords of Creation"?

*Farmer* B. Yes;—and the Lords give precedence to the Ladies, as a matter of course.

*Lawyer C.* I do not know *that* in all cases. A house should have one *master*;—and then in the interesting ceremonial to which you have alluded, there is the promise to "love, honour, and obey," to *obey*, mind you.

*Farmer B.* All fine talk;—as to *master*, by a figure of speech we drop the gender, and the Lady is called the *Master*;—as to *obey*, I'd like to know what obedience can exist without commands given, and what do the Lords venture to command?

*Schoolmaster.* Tut, tut, tut,—Gentlemen you are becoming too particular and metaphysical also. Do you mean to demur to the rights and privileges of Queen of the Harvest?

*All.* No—no.

*Schoolmaster.* Place the Throne then, and let us discuss the election.

(The Throne is placed on a small platform in front of the arbour).

*Farmer B.* Now Mr. Blotpage, give a dedicatory address respecting this post of honor.

*Schoolmaster.* Hem—hem,—really Gentlemen,—you know,—and, and—

*Farmer B.* No more nonsense, Mr. Schoolmaster.—These apologies, and mock modesties, are almost as bad as Catchcase's whereases and notwithstandings, and nevertheleses, and so-forths, and so-forths;—go on Mr. Schoolmaster.

*Blotpage.* Well then, as the humble spokesman of this assembly, I designate this chair, The Throne of the Queen of Harvest. Let it henceforth be relieved from all common household duties, and be set apart for such occasions as that we are about to celebrate, ranking next, in the annals of the Village, to the "Old Arm Chair" of the Poet. Let it remind of the season of fruits; of the holiday of the Autumnal months; of the cheerful rural gathering, and the sentiments of gratitude and wisdom which should pervade such meetings.

We become innocently cheerful, because the season of benignity and bounty has visited us once more, reminding of industry's reward, of Divine benevolence, of Providential kindness. We wisely discriminate in our choice of seve-

reign, choosing the best; because, where we may so choose, we should award power and honor to the most worthy; and the choosing of a Queen, instead of a King, intimates that we are guided, not by the rougher attributes of rule, but by gentleness, amiability, and the more lovely characteristics of humanity. Our Queen is the embodiment of our affectionate respects, of our dutiful attentions, to the fairer sex,—whether as acquaintances, cousins, aunts, sisters, wives or mothers. Be this the Throne, then, of the the best lass of the Village; and let the homage rendered, be indicative of our appreciation of the amenities and virtues, that cheer and adorn existence.

*Catchcase.* Well done, Mr. Blotpage,—if you practise speaking awhile longer, you will be orator enough for the House of Assembly.

*Farmer B.* Now respecting our election?

*Catchcase,* In old times, the handsomest, I believe, was chosen for Queen, but we are to choose the best, it appears.

*Farmer B.* And is not that a wise arrangement? There is a gift of personal beauty, but it does not argue other worthiness,—and the grace of mental and moral beauty is superior. Still, as ornament must be attended to as well as utility, in our ceremonies, we will have handsome and good both, no doubt; the electors can manage all that to the general satisfaction. There are but few young girls in the Village, whose appearance, for beauty, or comeliness, or pleasing neatness, would not grace our rural throne.

*Gardener.* Yes, master, there is Betty Peablossom, black hair and red cheeks;—Jenny Palmer, auborn locks, and forehead like white marble;—Molly Moreland, blue eyes, and teeth like ivory;—Peggy Pimly, gentle as a wood pigeon;—Lizzy Lightfoot, neat and tidy as the flowers of May;—and Minny, and Barbara, and Debby,—why I could mention a score that would well adorn your throne, Mr. Bloomfield.

*Farmer B.* No doubt, no doubt; you are eloquent Mr. Gardener, as if the flowers of the Village divided your attention with the flowers of the garden. Are all preparations in order?

*Ploughman,* All right, Sir.

*Farmer B.* The garlands placed?

*Ploughman.* Yes.

*Farmer B.* The flags, ditto?
*Villager.* Yes.
*Farmer B.* The Canopy and Throne?
*Villager.* Yes.
*Farmer B.* Let us adjourn then, to see what Village girls we can nominate, and meet again, when the bells ring, for the election.

(MUSIC.) *(Exit.)*

## SCENE III.

(Enter a group of boys, shouting; and a Showman, carrying his show-box on his back.)

*Boy.* Hurra, the arbour! and the garlands! and the Queen of Harvest's Throne!

*Another Boy.* How fine! Hurra!

*Another.* Come away; if John Ploughman or Dick Gardener knew that you looked at their finery too closely, just now, they'd almost box your ears.

*Another.* Come away, and leave all this until the sports begin. Come away; the show-box! hurra! hurra!

(Showman places his box on a stand, at one side of front of the platform; blows a horn, and says in a shouting tone of voice)

O yes! O yes! Come along boys, come along, to the the historical, geographical, and phi-lo-so-phi-cal show-box exhibition. None of your crystal palaces and lavender-water fountains, and guinea tickets; but the real phantashistoria of the Kings and Queens of Merry England, all to be seen for one penny. One penny, one penny, boys! O yes! O yes! lashings and leavings of history and geography, and other fees; and all for the fee of one penny.

Come along,—come along,—none of your headaches and backaches, your taskings and floggings—your prosy, dosy, rotings and dotings; but a regular "laugh and grow fat" lesson, for greenhorns and grey beards, and all ranks and classes of Her Majesty's merry subjects.

Comg along, boys!—come along!—none of your blackboard and blue-faced recitation; but cheap schooling and jolly. Come along, come along! (Blows his horn.)

*Boys.* Hurra! hurrah! hurrah!

*First Boy.* That's the GOOD TIME come, in the history way. Hurra!

*Second Boy.* Give me a penny-worth of the travels of Alexander the Great; will you Master?

*Boys.* And me—and me—and me.

*Showman.* Gather round then; hand in your coppers, and place your eyes at the magnifier.

(They gather round, pay coppers, &c. Horn blowing.)

Now boys, keep a bright look out; and "lend me your ears," as the door posts in old time used to say to dishonest traders. No noise now, but what I make myself. Do you hear?

*Boys.* Yes—yes—yes! yes—yes—yes!

*Showman.* Silence you scamps, or I'll be off, and leave you to your bitter reflections, as the man said to the mirror and his scolding wife. Silence now, I say.

Just imagine that you are taking a thirty year's glance at past life;—look sharp and listen; and if you don't find poetry and morality in my box, you are a parcel of addle-headed fellows. Look out, now, look out! (Draws a string in his box.) Ha, ha, young masters, who's that on his golden throne, in the centre of the palace hall, with his robes of purple and white, and his crown of diamonds, and rubies, and emeralds green? See on his right how the Prince of Wales smiles and bows, while on his left stands the Duke of York, and young Clarence and Surrey. Who's that on the throne, boys?

*A Boy.* The Grand Turk.

*Another.* The Emperor of China.

*Showman.* Oh you ignoramuses! I hope your school-master will give you one a piece for that, any how. Why do you think would the Grand Turkey, or the Emperor of Chiny, have the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York by his side? Guess again.

*Another Boy.* Prince Albert?

*Showman.* That's nearer, for there's no want of Princes and Dukes, and Princesses too, about Prince Albert, I'll warrant; but don't you see the crown and throne? Do you think Queen Victoria,—Heaven bless her—would leave any one wear them but herself? I'll be bound Prince Albert would rather burn his fingers than touch them, fine as they are, except in subjection to his Royal Mistress;—aye boys, mistress, and master, and Queen too, I warrant. Guess again.

*Boy.* Harry you are the oldest inhabitant here, you guess.

*Harry.* William the fourth, William the fourth.

*Showman.* Go along you ninny. If William had young Princes and Dukes about him, how would the throne go to his Royal niece, I'd like to know? Ah boys, your schoolmaster has been abroad, I fear, when he should have been at home. You should come to my school for awhile.

Listen; don't you see the flags at each side of the King's chair, and the letters G. R., and the figure three, all worked in gold? G. is for George, and R. for Rex—and Rex for King, and three, to tell the number of his Majesty. That's George the third, boys.

*Boys.* Hurra!

*Showman.* Listen again; can you tell me why Kings are numbered, one, two, and three, and so on.

*First Boy.* Lest they might go astray, perhaps.

*Second Boy.* To mark their class,—No. 1, letter A, is the highest.

*Showman.* Nonsense. It's to tell how many of the same name. Will you mind that? There were two of the name of George, before this fine old English gentleman's time. Look out now. (Pulls a string.)

*Boys.* Oh, another picture!

*Showman.* Look to your right; observe the King looking out of St. James's Palace, with his Lords and Ladies waving their white handkerchiefs from the windows. See the Dragoons, and the Infantry, and the waggons passing by;—with the people shouting, the bands playing, the guns firing, the flags waving, and so on, and so on.

*Boys.* Hurrah.

*Showman.* Yes, there was hurraing enough, then, I warrant;—those are the waggon loads of gold, and guns, and flags, and what not, taken from the French, and going through the City of London in triumph. There they go in pomp and joy, although denoting much suffering, while the citizens are preparing to illuminate their houses,—and bonfires are building in the Parks, and grand feasts are spreading in the palace. That was the time, as Shakspeare says, "to swim in a sea of glory," and pride and pomp, and brilliant prospects. But presto,—look again. (Pulls a string.)

*Boy.* A dark picture.

*Showman.* Dark, yes;—the subject is gloomy enough, and dark indeed, in contrast to the last scene. See,—a noble room; the light curtained out; soft carpets breaking the foot-falls; a solitary man, pacing about slowly, and silently, and sadly. He feels his way with a gold headed cane, and seems lost to all outward objects. The G. and R., and figure 3, still mark the curtains and panels. It is the old King,—dark in physical and mental vision;—weak in body, wandering in mind;—a state of childishness succeeding to many sorrows.

*Boy.* I prefer the shouting and firing, and illuminations.

*Showman.* Yes;—but you must take the dark with the light, in my box,—as in life.

*Boy.* May not life be all gay and happy, Mr. Showman?

*Showman.* Ah! no boys—no.—Like an April day, smiles and frowns,—singing and sighing succeed each other. But,—another scene. (Pulls a string.) See the heralds standing on the steps of the palace portico;—the trumpets sound,—the flags wave, the cannon roar, and George the Fourth is proclaimed. See the noble mansions, the splendid troops, and the shouting multitude. (Pulls a string again.) Another picture; a coach drawn by eight coal black steeds, moves along, bearing a lady and her attendants. Before the carriage, the people walk in long lines abreast, singing political songs, and hurraing vehemently as they pass the public buildings. Mark the defiance on the faces of the multitude, and the expression of deep deep care on the face of the lady in the carriage.

The Queen of England goes to her trial. The picture marks an important part of George's history,—although it does not give scenes of folly and excess, in which unwise monarchs, as well as subjects, sometimes forgot duty, and found misery while seeking pleasure.

What would you wish to see next;—come, rub up your history;—say!

*Boy.* The Coronation, with the banquet in Westminster Hall,—the balloon in the Park,—the procession and the crowning.

*Showman.* What else?

*Another Boy.* The King's Chinese Palace at Brighton.

*Showman.* What else?

*Another Boy.* Something about Bonaparte; he lived in George the Fourth's time.

*Showman.* Attention then. (Pulls a string.)

Thundering of cannon,—clashing of iron,—fire, smoke, and tumult of battle. See the Duke of Wellington on his charger, surrounded by his staff;—and Napoleon on his white horse, with his Marshals and Generals around. See the British squares like walls of steel,—and the French Cuirassiers dashing on them as waves on the rocks. Alas! alas! for the horrors of war's display. See the guards careering over the field, and the British Grenadiers with the Iron Duke, advancing victorious.

I need not tell you the name of that battle, boys.

*Boys. Waterloo?*

*Showman.* Yes;—after that, the Island of Saint Helena, and the Peace.

O yes! O yes! another picture. George the Fourth disappears. Carleton Palace is razed to the ground; the grass grows by the monarch's hearth. Another King!—see how much more simple and quiet he appears than the former. An honest hearty looking face he has, above that blue jacket. See the Parliament assembled,—the Lords around, the Commons at the bar, the ladies in the gallery. A great occasion calls them together;—the King gives the royal ascent to a charter of British privileges; he gave one of African also. He freed the West India bondsmen, and thenceforth not a legal slave existed in the wide spread Empire. Hurra, boys, hurra,—for the victory of good principles. Recollect young fellows, however, that though no man may enslave your bodies, because you are Britors,—vice and voluptuousness, and folly, may crush freedom from your souls, and load you with chains worse than those of iron. Hurra for virtuous freedom!—for freedem from vice—thraldrom. Temperance, Morality, Religion, make us free indeed.

The monarch's uniform is blue,—and pictures of ships denote that a sailor King reigns. William sailed the salt seas before he sat on a throne, and learned to serve on the quarter deck before he ruled the kingdom. (*Boys.* Hurra!)

Another picture, whose likeness is that?

*Boy.* Victoria, Victoria,—long live the Queen.

*Showman.* Yes:—see Her Majesty, surrounded by the graces and beauties, and powerful influences, of a royal youthful matron. Health and cheerfulness mark her countenance;—her husband Prince, public spirited and intellectual, stands beside her chair;—her children, of high destiny, play around. Queen of the house and of the Empire; monarch by law and by affection;—model of dignity and of propriety;—her reign is blest an hundred fold as compared with predecessors and cotemporaries. Public and private virtues adorn the Court, and give the mode to an hundred thousand circles of society. She is Victoria the prudent, the prosperous, the peaceful. May her reign be long and happy, beyond hope;—and may it see "the good time" coming, boys,—the good time coming.

*Boys.* Hurra.

*Showman.* One more picture, boys;—what shall it be?

*First Boy.* The Queen's pleasure squadron.

*Another.* The fighting in India.

*Another.* Louis Philippe's visit.

*Showman.* Silence and see. An expanse of land and water. The land netted by railway and telegraph lines,—the water traversed by magnificent steamships. The iron horse travels both elements, like a thing of supernatural life and strength,—and paws the ground, rampant, as if he wanted to try the air. The age of utility has come,—of beneficial intercourse,—of peace;—and as a fit temple of these principles,—near a mighty city, beside a noble park, a crystal palace rises,—to which travellers, from every part of the globe, converge. The iron age, realizes much of the dream of the golden age;—success to its humanising efforts! Hurrah!

The curtain falls, the pictures are veiled, the lecture is over,—but let the philosophy of history be not forgotten by my attentive audience.

(Village bells ring.)

*First Boy.* You have finished in time, Master Showman; thanks for your pictures and your speeches.

*Second Boy.* I'll give you some advice in return for what you gave us;—that is, that you scamper away pretty quickly, and go to the village green. Masters Fieldfare and Bloomfield would not thank any of us to be so near their finery.

*Third Boy.* If they know we were here, they might Commission Lawyer Catchcase to read the riot act.

*Fourth Boy.* Away boys, away—to the green, until the Queen comes to the arbour. (Exit.)

(MUSIC.)

## SCENE IV.

Bells ringing.

(Enter as in Scene 2—in various directions—and by two's and three's, some take seats, some examine the preparations, &c &c.)

*Farmer Bloomfield.* Well, Mr. Catchcase, what next?

*Lawyer C.* Gentlemen, Inhabitants, and Visitors of Old-style, whereas we have congregated here, for the consideration and transaction of interesting public business, I propose that we proceed according to the order in such cases made and provided, by appointing a Chairman to preside over our deliberations.

*Ribbonrow.* I have no objection to the spirit of Mr. Catchcase's proposition, but I have to its manner.—I supposed that we were done with his whereases and other such phraseology, and that he would speak common-sense English to common-sense folk—but instead of that he seems inclined to his cloudy heroics again. I move that he be fined two-pence for the use of every word which may be changed for one more simple.

*Several.* Hurra! hurra!

*Catchcase.* Enough,—I beg pardon,—I will try and come down to Mr. Ribbonrow's level in future remarks. Really, Gentlemen,—if I be snubbed up thus, at each turn, perhaps I had better make my bow and retire.

*Bloomfield.* Tut—tut,—man, altho' you have become Lawyer, you are surely not going to turn nincompoop,—taking offence, like some boarding school misses, at every word which has not the savour of flattery. You retire! If so who will stay? Why *you* go? If Ribbonrow speaks too harshly, tell him so,—or give him a deaf ear;—or if he speak wisely, take his advice;—but no nonsense about huffing and sulking, as you value your character for manliness.—Don't be too fastidious about your dignity, except you would be the laugh of the Village. If you don't like our object, go; if you approve, stay, and assist, and take free remarks in good part. Go on, Catchcase, my learned friend, go on with your proposition.

*Lawyer.* I propose, then, that Mr. Fieldfare take the chair, and that we proceed to the business of the day, respecting which I feel happy and honored by bearing a part. Is that plain enough?

*Several.* Hear, hear,—well done Mr. Catchcase.

*Ribbonrow.* I second the proposition.

*Scholmaster.* Gentlemen, it has been moved and seconded that Mr. Fieldfare take the chair,—you who are of that mind say aye.

*Several.* Aye!

*Schoolmaster.* Contrary mind,—no; passed unanimously.

*Farmer F.* (Takes the chair, knocks with his stick.) Order, Gentlemen order,—and proceed to business,—which is, the nomination and election of a Queen of Harvest.—Who makes the first nomination?

*Ribbonrow.* Mr. Chairman, I propose that Sally Truetaste be Queen. No girl that comes to my store, is a better judge in buying cottons and calicoes and muslins, or wears them more gracefully, than Sally. Meet her where you will, she is cheerful as a lark, and neat as if she had step'd out of a band-box She does fine fancy worsted work, also, I assure you, and makes trees and lakes and houses, as gay coloured as those you see on lilac hill yonder. I propose Sally.

*Bloomfield.* I suppose if Sally bought twice as many ribbons she would be twice as good as she is, in your estimation?

*Lawyer.* The nomination savours too much of the shop, the Queen of Harvest should do more than wear muslins gracefully.

*Ploughman.* Does Mr. Ribbonrow give a pledge that Sally will make all comfortable at the Farmhouse, so that the labouring man, as well as the family, shall feel it to be his home?

*Gardener.* And that her pinks and roses shall take the prize?

*Dairyman.* And that the butter and cheese of her dairy shall be first rate?

*First Villager.* And that she shall have a smile and kind word for home, on all occasions?

*Ribbonrow.* I make no pledges,—Sally is to be guided by her own discretion.

*Bloomfield.* All very well, Mr. Ribbonrow,—in cases where opinions should be undetermined and may change,—but pledges are reasonable and should be general as the air

we breathe, respecting certain leading principles and practice.

*Ribbonrow.* I proposed Sally, as she is,—the smartest girl in Oldstyle.

*Lawyer.* I crave leave, Mr. Chairman, to propose Anne Aptel, as Queen. Anne is intellectual, as her thoughtful brown eyes indicate. She can beat the Schoolmaster at Grammar, I rather think, and the Surveyor, in Decimal Arithmetic ; She read, last winter, by way of recreation, selections from Blackstone's Commentary, and can tell the specific difference between a suit at Law, and a suit at the Milliners—which is more than can be said of some girls. I need not dwell more particularly on the claims of my candidate.—Anne Aptel, for ever ! I say.

*Bloomfield.* Would not Mrs. Catchcase, sound as well, Lawyer? Is she to be the Queen of the household, of whom the Chairman spoke, some time ago ?

*Second Villager.* What about Annie's attention to the cheese and the butter, and the cows, the poultry, the wheel, and the loom, and so on ?

*Lawyer.* I decline speaking to these irrevalent questions.

*Farmer F* Any other nominations ?

*Second Villager.* I propose Jenny Sprightly,—the flower of the Village The Thrush that sings at her cottage door, is not more cheerful than Jenny.

*First Villager.* Can she mend stockings or make a pie ?

*Second Villager.* How can I tell? She makes a picture however, bustling about the little farmstead, warbling like a bird, as I go to work of a morning.

*Gardener.* I propose Marian Columbine. She cultivates, in front of her father's dwelling, a little flower garden,—which is a benefit to all who pass that way, by the pleasant thoughts which it excites. Marian, in this line, at least, is a young woman of taste and skill, and public spirit, too.

*Dairy.* I propose Cicely Meadowgreen. Talk of pictures, just look at Cicely, sitting on her little bench, under the old hawthorn tree, milking her pretty cow, Crop-clover,—and you have a picture worth talking of.

*Schoolmaster.* I propose, Mr. Chairman, Bessie Meanwell. Bessie, I consider, is well worthy to preside at the festivity of the day.—I say nothing derogatory to the other cases nominated,—but as only one can be chosen, we should choose the best, and that I think is Bessie.

She is useful in the house and in the garden; can lend a hand in the dairy, kitchen, and school-room, and what is of great consequence, her gentle manner enhances her good works. I have known some who spoiled their industry by their ungraciousness of temper;—such is not Bessie.

She attends church regularly,—not to gaze about, criticising this shawl, that bonnet, and the other cloak;—but to take part in the solemn services, to hear and understand, and to bear away, for practical purposes, the wisdom which is dispensed.

She helps her parents, by kind affectionate words, as well as by her busy hands, and is considered a dear friend, as well as a near relation, by her brothers and sisters.

Bessie dresses neatly,—but not gaudily;—she is more attentive to the adornments of a meek and quiet spirit, than of gay attire.

She makes home happy, to all concerned;—the pinks and roses of her garden will take the prize, if proper care may secure it;—the butter and cheese which pass under her hands, would pass the scrutiny of a Dutch Burgomaster;—her smiles are ready whenever they should be given;—and as regards the stockings and the pies, which have been alluded to, every household concern has its due share of attention, and revolves harmoniously about Bessie Meanwell, as the Planets about the Sun. If good conduct, good sense, good information, and good temper, may claim the crown, then Bessie should be Queen

Several voices. Queen Bessie, Queen Bessie.

*Farmer F.* Shall we proceed by ballot or acclamation?

*Catchcase.* I admit Miss Bessie's claims and withdraw my nomination, satisfied that Anne Aptel would not wish to be a rival to her friend.

*Ribbonrow.* Ditto, ditto—on behalf of Sally.

Several voices. Acclamation! acclamation!

*Farmer F,* (Rises) Gentlemen, it has been moved and seconded that Bessie Meanwell be Harvest Home Queen. You who are of that mind, say aye.

*Several.* Aye!

*Farmer F.* Contrary, no. Agreed to unanimously. I declare Bessie the Village Queen of the day.

*All.* Hurrah, hurrah.

*Farmer F.* Who shall be the Queen's Minister of State?

*Several.* The Schoolmaster.

*Farmer F.* A good choice; may the Throne be sustained by education and intellect. Mr. Biotpage is Minister.

Now friends, as the hour has nearly arrived, let us, without more delay, make known the result of our election, and escort the Queen to her Throne.

*Gardener.* I move that we go for the Queen, and return in procession. See the group yonder under the Sycamore tree, on the Village Green; let us away.

*Several.* Agreed, agreed.

*Farmer F.* I vacate the Chair accordingly, and will attend the deputation. But who comes here?

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(*Enter Timbertap,*—An odd looking fellow, in wide pants, blouser and Kossuth hat. Rolling a wheelbarrow, on which are, barrel, table, tin cans, and bottle. He places his table, bottle, and cans,—sets his barrel on end, —raises a placard on a pole, inscribed "Toby Timbertap, Merchant,"—stands behind the table, putting on his apron, and fussing about.)

*Farmer F.* Well neighbour, where are you from?

*Timbertap.* Follytown, at your service.

*Farmer F.* What do you come here for?

*Timbertap.* Is not this your Harvest-home day? I come to see the sport. Any harm neighbour?

*Farmer F.* Perhaps not,—that depends on circumstances.

*Blotpage.* What is the barrel and these cans for?

*Timbertap.* Don't you want a little ale and summat else at your frolic here?

*Farmer F.* No—I hope not, indeed; none of your summat else's. We meet to celebrate the blessings of the season, and to be thankful and innocently cheerful,—and to enjoy the fruits of the earth moderately. But we do not allow brewer and distiller to step in and blight our refreshments, and present us with the fiery cup of intoxication, instead of the balmy dews of heaven. Oh! no.

*Timbertap.* Perhaps some of the other gents might want some of my merchandize served out for their convenience. Toby Timbertap, Gentlemen, at your service.

*Farmer F.* Merchandize, indeed,—what a disgrace to the name. No Master Timbertap, if you do not decamp pretty smartly, the boys may serve out your wares in a way you won't like. We don't allow of such carryings on at Old-style, I assure you.

*Timbertap.* Hallo,—What's up now?

*Blotpage.* Temperance is up, and we hope to have it higher up soon.

*Timbertap.* Oh! Temperance is it? well, let me see;—

who said any thing against Temperance? I'd like to know, I'm for Temperance too, I'll serve out a Temperance glass if you like, snd yon may take it as temperately as you wish, Bless you, you may preach Temperance to me if you have a fancy to. Go on with your moral swasion, by all means;—meantime,—Toby Timbertap at your service.

*Blotpage.* No, No,—we don't touch, taste, or handle your temptations, except to knock them out of our path,—neither do we let others touch them if we can prevent.—Don't you know that our pledge includes abstinence, total abstinence, from malt and spirituous liquors, wine and cider; and that we hope for the legal prohibition of your merchandize. We consider you an enemy in the camp;—be off—be off.

*Timbertap.* Well, if I'm in the wrong box, I'll go out of it. Just lend a hand to my barrel and table and traps, that's a good fellow. Put them on my barrow, while I hold it steadily?

*Blotpage.* Not a finger.

*Timbertap.* Will you? (to Farmer F.)

*Farmer F.* No!

*Timbertap.* Or you? or you? or you?

*All.* No—No.

*Farmer B.* I'll tell you what, neighbour Toby, Merchant from Follytown,—you should join our ranks; yes, you should, indeed. It is not creditable for a little old fellow, like you, to be going round the country, to fairs and harvestings and such like,—selling broken heads and battered noses, and rows and riots. You know it's not, Toby.

*Timbertap.* Me!—what broken heads and riots do you mean? I'm a peaceable subject; my wares are clean ale and strong beer, and so on, and so on;—broken heads and battered noses! indeed!

*Farmer B.* And what comes from your ale and beer, and so ons,—neighbour? Far as your experience goes, say, do the shines and the shindy's come before or after your potations? Answer me that. Don't you see what I mean? To be sure you do, I know it by the twinkle of your mercantile eye;—and how much more becoming would it be for a chap, calling himself a citizen and a christian, perhaps,—to be at some really useful employment,—and to give a part of his leisure to some works of benevolence and charity, as Temperance Societies, for instance. You recollect the old rhyme,—

"In books, or works, or harmless play,
Let my first years be past;—
That I may give for every day,
Some good account at last."

Come—what say you; Join our ranks, dowse the beer barrel, and up with the flag of Total Abstinence.

*First Villager.* Do Mr. Timbertap, and the constable will not have so much trouble looking after your whereabouts.

*Second Villager.* Yes,—and you'll be happier yourself, and make others happier, by the change;—I can speak for that.

*Farmer B.* What say you, Mr. Traveller?

*Traveller.* My opinion heartily agrees with that of the company. I have seen somewhat of hamlets and villages and perhaps cities too,—and I recollect very few instances in which it would not be better to give such merchants as Mr. Timbertap, the money they expect, without taking their wares in return. Suppose one hundred pounds thrown over a ship's side into deep water,—and one hundred pounds given for this kind of merchandize, and it dispensed to a community;—which money would be best expended? I need not supply an answer;—and if such be the case, what estimate should we put on such a traffic? Perhaps Mr Timbertap would admit that some queer scenes follow the movements of his wheelbarrow, in Follytown and in Frolicville, and in the Villages of Swillpond and Bottleville? Would he like me to ask little Tommy Timid and his mother, how they like to see his decoy board, there, exhibited near their cottage? What would Bill Leavethewrong say about the "fools pennies" which formerly found their way into Mr. Timbertap's pocket? But I need not continue;—theory and practice, principle and experience, agree with the views now urged, and appeal to the enlightened understanding of our neighbour here. Take the advice given Mr. Merchant, and will not I have pleasure indeed, at announcing the intelligence, and recommending your new course of life,—as I move along on my journey?

*Farmer F.* I'll tell you what friends, let us buy him out, and set him up in some other business.

*All the others* Yes, yes.

*Toby.* I agree,—I'm half sick of the barrel, and I wish to mend my ways I've met with Temperance chaps before now, I warrant you, and they have posed me with

notions. You have brought their talk fresh to my mind,—and I dont care if I come to a resolution to-day, and turn over a new leaf for the time to come.

*All the others.* Bravo! bravo! hurra!

*Toby.* In fact, here I am, somewhat in a fix with my traps. You won't let me sell,—you won't assist me to get away,—you bother me about my manner of life;—what am I to do? Well, here goes,—I leave the concern,—what will you give, or lend me, in place of this lot.

*Farmer B.* Give!—we'll fill your barrow with something better, and that would be easy enough. A parcel of these rocks here would be better than your stock; but come, I'll give you cabbages instead of the barrel.

*Gardener.* And I,—a basket of apples for those black bottles.

*First Villager.* Put down a lot of potatoes for me, instead of these old cans.

*Ribbonrow.* And for me, a box of odds and ends,—ribbons, cottons, and thread, to make an assortment of your stock.

*Blotpage.* Some school books, and a blessing, from me.

*T.* Thanks;—a bargain! Let me have the new jim-cracks, and we'll throw those groggy traps to the dogs.

*All.* Hurra, bravo.

*Farmer B.* Come Fieldfare and Gardener and Ribbonrow, et cetera, for the new stock.

(*Exit F. B., F. F., &c.*)

*Catchcase.* Now Timbertap, you're a bit of a singer, I think,—give us a ditty while we wait.

(Sings, "the Good Time Coming.")

*All.* Bravo, bravo.

(Enter F. B., F. F., &c., with the cabbages, basket of apples, bag of Potatoes, &c., they load the barrow, and give Timbertap a banner, with the inscription, *No Intoxicating Drinks.*)

*Farmer B.* Now boys; now, for a clearing away of these old notions.

(They knock the barrel and cans about, and hussle them off the platform.)

*All.* Hurra, hurra, hurra!

*Timbertap.* Hurra! And now good bye friends. (He takes hold of the barrow.)

*Blotpage.* Farewell, Toby,—the women and children will not be afraid, now, as your barrow wheels up to their cottages.

*Farmer B.* No broken heads, and noisy brawls, among your present wares.

*First Villager.* Sing out your merchandize, master; you need not be ashamed of them, as you roll away.

*Timbertap.* (Trundling off his barrow.) Cabbages—potatoes—apples—ribbons and thread. Oh yes! Oh yes! cabbages!

*All.* Hurra, hurra.

(MUSIC.) (Exit.)

## SCENE 5.

(Music plays a march. Bells ring. Enter a procession, —First Villager bearing a banner,—Farmer B. with rod of office,—Schoolmaster and Queen,—four attendant girls, two and two,—the band of minstrels, decorated with blue sashes and ribbons,—girls, two and two,—others, of the company, with boquets and banners. The Queen conducted to the throne by Farmer F. The procession forms at each side and in front,—banner bearers at each side. Farmer B. proposes three cheers for the Queen. The cheers are given. The Queen acknowledges by rising and curtseying. The line in front march off, leaving those at each side, arranged, so that *no one* shall be between the audience, in *any direction*, and the centre of the platform.)

*Farmer F.* Queen of the Harvest Home;—you have been chosen by the free suffrages of Oldstyle, as presiding mistress of the day. Will you engage to conduct proceedings according to the rights and usages of this ancient ceremonial, as brought to your notice, by our representative, and your minister, the learned Mr. Blotpage? (The Queen bows assent.)

Will you engage to award worthily, and govern wisely, by means of the same minister, the learned Mr. Blotpage? (The Queen bows assent.)

We tender our affectionate homage, and promise such allegiance as the occasion may demand and you require. May the day be auspicious to the governing and the governed.

*All.* Hurrah, hurrah.

*Farmer F.* Now Mr. Catchcase, as representative of the Law and Constitution, your inaugural address.

*Lawyer C.* Madam, in the name and on behalf of the inhabitants of Oldstyle, allow me to express congratulation on your assumption of the office to which you have been elected.

Inhabitants of Oldstyle, allow me to congratulate you, on the presentation of the Queen of your choice and affections, and on the happy occasion which congregates us in this place, at this time.

Autumn is the season of realization and thankfulness;—of rest and improvement for virtuous industry.

The awakening loveliness of Spring, which aroused to active life, has passed away; the more mature charms of Summer have receded; Harvest with its fruits and varied stores,—its loaded waggons from the interior, its shallops from the shores, has paid its welcome visit, and the torpidity of snow-crowned Winter impends.

The tender foliage, soon, will no longer adorn the meadows;—the streams no longer sing among the valleys;—crocus, and primrose, and other sweet companions, will have gone for a winter's repose, not to appear until the rural months again smile genially on the gardens.

Many ships, also, shall be still, in the frost-locked harbours;—the ploughman's ditty,—the robin's warbling, will be hushed;—but whistling winds will career over the snow-spread plain, and the crashing of ice-bergs agitate the Polar sea.

In the barn, however, and by the cottage hearth, and in the school-house and the lecture-room,—the mind will have its season of domestic and public, of intellectual and moral and religious, improvement.

Now comes the Spring-time of the soul,—its summer will follow; and if we improve the periods wisely, our Harvest will have been joyously gathered, and we will be thankful amid our unfading stores, when May again visits the fields and the waters, and summons to other scenes of activity.

Again I express congratulations and good wishes,—to you the presiding lady of the hour,—and to you, and you, and you, whose ready acquiesence in good laws, and whose zeal in good works, are so essential to the success of our proceedings, and to the prosperity of Oldstyle.

*Several.* Hurra! hurra!

*Farmer F.* Our minstrels now.

(The singers come forward, at each side, bow to the Queen, and sing.)

*Mr. B.* In the name of the Queen, I announce, that our festivities are to include trials of activity and skill and study,—and that rewards will be dispensed for various kinds of excellence.

I place the crowns at the Queen's disposal.

(He places several crowns, or chaplets, near the Queen.)

I depute Farmer Bloomfield, Mr. Gardener, and Mr. Dairyman, Commissioners, to proceed to the bowling green, and superintend the running, jumping, and other athletic exercises, presenting the successful competitors here, on their return, and reporting proceedings faithfully.

(Exit Farmer B., &c.)

*Mr. B.* Which are the next competitors?

*Mr. Ribbonrow.* Allow me to present Corydon and Florian, contenders in declamation.

(C. and F. advance, holding boquets. They bow to the Queen.)

*Mr. B.* Proceed.

(Corydon recites some verses. Florian also recites.)

*Mr. B.* Excellence not being so easily determined on this subject, as on others, we direct that the meeting decide. Let each one provide himself with a sprig of the Fir tree.

(They take up sprigs which were strewed on the platform.)

When I give the word, those who think Corydon has done best, hold up right hands only,—those for Florian, hold up sprigs of foliage.—Now!

(The votes are given, and reckoned, and the successful competitor is placed on the right of the Queen.)

(The Minstrels sing.)

*Mr. B.* The next is an educational exercise on the beautiful and useful science of Geography. Class come forward.

(Four boys step forward. They are to have studied the questions, and to have formed their own answers.)

*Mr. B.* What are the most apparent differences, on the map of the world, between the Southern and Northern Hemispheres?

(Answer given.)

*Mr. B.* What may be called the hot-air stove of the Eastern Hemisphere?

(Answer.)

*Mr. B.* What has the Western Hemisphere in the same latitudes?

(Answer.)

*Mr. B.* Name the places, on a circular line, about 500 miles from our place of residence.

(Answers given,—the best answerer placed on the right of the Queen.) (Minstrels sing.)

(Enter Farmer B. and others. Victors with green sashes.)

*Farmer B.* Allow me to present Master Lightfoot, as winner in the race,—Master Springbeck for best jumping,—and Master Strongarm for throwing the weight farthest.

(They are placed on the Queen's right.)

*Mr. Blotpage* Now for the best answers to some general questions.

Why is summer like a lady in semi-masculine costume?

*Master Triptongue.* Because it is a Bloomer.

*Mr. B.* Right;—ready again;—why may Spring be compared to a school boy?

*Master Lively.* It is more green than productive.

*Mr. B.* Again;—why is Autumn like our Queen?

*Master Triptongue.* It is a rewarder of activity and skill.

*Mr. B.* That will do. Now! why have some of Timbertap's customers nasal features like apple trees?

*Master Seeclear.* They blossom.

*Mr. B.* So.—Now,—what flowers are emblematic of the Order of the Sons of Temperance?

*Master Triptongue.* Blush Roses,—Snow-drops,—and Blue-bells.

*Mr. B.* Come to the right, Mr. Triptongue, you have answered the greater number of questions.

(Goes to the right.)

(MUSIC.)

Now, Ladies and Gentlemen, name, as deserving of a victor's chaplet, the lad whose good conduct entitles him to represent fidelity to Temperance principles?

*Gardener.* I name Tom Truepath.

*Farmer B.* I second that nomination.

*Several.* Yes, yes. Hurrah!

(Tom T. is placed on the right of the Queen.)

(SINGING.)

*Mr. B.* Silence! Attention! The competition has closed,—the presentation of rewards, follows.

Mr. Fieldfare present the successful candidates.

*Farmer F.* (Leading Florian forward.) Florian, who bore away the palm in recitation of verse.

(The Queen hands a wreath to the Schoolmaster.)

*Mr. B.* The Queen of Harvest Home awards the wreath to Florian, for excellence in repetition of verse. (Places the wreath.)

In similar exercises, recollect, that you are the representative of the author whose words you repeat. Respect yourself, and commit nothing to memory which would be discreditable to taste and moral character;—respect the

writers to whose thoughts you lend voice,—and in deliberation, distinctness, and chaste emotion, let their fine fancies be duly given by your expression. Reflect the sentiments which are deserving of repetition, truly, as the smooth lake reflects the bower on its borders. (Florian retires.)

*Farmer F.* (Presenting Harry Lessonlike ) The winner in Geographical exercises.

*Mr. B.* (Placing a wreath as before.) This is your meed Mr. Lessonlike, for judicious answers in Geography. Remember there is a celestial globe as well as a terrestial, and let not the world beneath your feet, cause you to forget the world around and beyond. Science has delights that await the patient enquirer. (*L. retires*)

(MUSIC.)

*Farmer F.* (Presenting.) Master Lightfoot, winner in the race.

*Mr. B.* (Placing a wreath.) This for victory. Let not haste prevent you from giving good heed to your ways,—and so run the race of life, that triumph and true honour shall result.

*Farmer F.* The successful competitor in jumping.

*Mr. B.* (Placing the wreath.) Vigour of body should be accompanied by wholesome vigour of mind. Jump not in the dark,—nor to hasty conclusions,—be cautious respecting the right, and then try for far ahead.

*Farmer F.* The winner in athletic exercises.

*Mr. B.* (Placing the wreath.) Let strength be tempered by meekness, justice, and generosity,—and be directed for the general well-being. (They retire.)

(MUSIC.)

*Farmer F.* Mr. Triptongue, the answerer of riddles.

*Mr. B.* (Placing the wreath.) You have succeeded in solving some difficulties ;—there is much in life which he who runs may read,—much remains for careful enquiry,—and much may defy satisfactory elucidation. Be humble, contemplative, industrious, so may you solve the great individual problem, of passing through all circumstances, with the greatest possible amount of peace, profit, and righteous approval.

*Farmer F.* Mr. Truepath, the representative of fidelity.

*Mr. B.* (Placing the Crown.) Safety for yourself, charity for your neighbours, a testimony against vice, a covenant for virtue, are included in the professions you have made. I congratulate you on your character. To walk morally, blameless, is happier than to shine and to offend. Be firm,

be faithful, be zealous, and the meed of a benefactor will be your portion. (Minstrels sing.)

*Farmer B.* Three cheers for the victors. (*Cheers.*)

*Farmer F.* And three for those who did their best, and did not win,—but who submitted graciously, and rejoiced at the honors awarded to their companions. All may not win renown, but all may win commendation. (*Cheers.*)

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*Farmer B.* Mr. Blotpage, I have to request that the Queen, you, and this Company, generally, recollect the indoor entertainments of the evening. Recollect the Grange Farm, the cheerful rooms, the happy faces, the tea-table, and the et-ceteras, that still claim our attention.

*Mr. B.* We will soon adjourn from this rural place of power ;—meanwhile what else ? Mr. Traveller, you have been rather a mute spectator of our proceedings.

*Traveller.* I would briefly say, Mr. Blotpage, that I do cheerful homage to your Queen ;—that I admire the principles which pervade your proceedings, and that I hope the good example set to day, of education supporting the Throne, will not be without its effect beyond Oldstyle. We want a somewhat Newstyle, in these matters, in many places; more intellectuality in the schoolhouse, more comfort in the Schoolmaster's home, authority smiling more patronisingly on universal education,—and education giving more moral power to wise authority.

In this little meeting I find, the School, the Farm, the Garden, the Manufactory, the Dairy, very pleasingly represented. Allow me to express fervent wishes for the prosperity of each and all ;—and may virtuous labourers, in every part of the field of life, have the rewards of appropriate autumns, and of happy harvest homes.

Thanks for your hospitality and your cheerfulness ; I have rested pleasantly,—and may say, that if I did not live at Meadowville, I would at Oldstyle. While enjoying your festivities, thoughts of home came to mind ; and although its fields and gardens may not be as picturesque as those of other places,—yet if it be a true home, it will have charms for the wanderer which no other locality can rival. May all our homes be rich in the affections, and consolations, and confidences,—in all pious influences and happy experiences.

*Mr. Blotpage.* Thanks, Mr. Traveller, may your journeyings be pleasant, and your return to Meadowville very joyous.

Does not Mr. Catchcase seem as if he had some propositions to submit to our notice?

*Mr. Catchcase.* Allow me to introduce Springday, Summernoon, and Wintereven, to pay their respects to our Holiday representative of Autumn.

*Mr. B.* We wait your courtsies, Sir.

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(Mr. C. retires, and returns leading in, Springday, Summernoon, and Wintereven, dressed in blousers. The first in light-green, with light-blue sash, holding a bunch of green sprigs;—the second yellow, with a red sash, holding flowers;—the next white, with brown scarf, bearing a book.)

*Spring.* (Advances, bows to the Queen, and speaks.) As a forerunner and preparer, allow me to express respect and service, to the season of reward, laying my offering, which reminds of the renewed year, at the Queen's feet. I express glad congratulation, that the green of Spring has been happily succeeded by the golden russet of abundant Autumn.

(Lays the green clusters on the platform of the Throne.)

*Summer.* I also would express the allegiance of another preparatory season; and, presenting my emblems of beauty, rejoice that beneficience has crowned the year with goodness.

(Lays the boquet on the Queen's platform.)

*Winter.* No clusters of woodbine or jessamine are mine; no gatherings of pink and rose and hyacinth;—but I present the Volume of Knowledge, so suited for my meditative evenings, and which for a-while, may so profitably take the place of both foliage and flowers.

(Places the book beside the other presentations.)

*Summer.* (Bearing a crown of flowers.) Deputed by the other seasons, allow me to place this emblamatic crown on the Queen of the Autumnal Holiday.

(The crown is placed.)

(The Queen leans on Winter,—Spring stands at the right, Summer at the left. The others arrange, right and left. Banners are displayed.)

(Minstrels sing.)

*Mr. Schoolmaster.* Thanks for your assistance and countenance, friends all;—and may each period of laudable exertion, have a crowning Autumnal season, and a happy Harvest Home.

(Band plays the National Anthem.)